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WOMAN'S WORK

FOR

WOMAN.

VOLUME VI.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church,
1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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Woman's Work for Woman.

Vol. VI. OCTOBER, 1876. No. 8.

Abroad.

PERSIA.—Tabriz.

Mrs. P. Z. Easton.

Everything in these countries is unsettled, and so many rumors are afloat that we do not know what to expect from day to day. We have been preserved in peace and prosperity so far, although travelling over the roads in Persia now is almost as dangerous as in Turkey. Dr. Holmes and wife, and Mr. Stocking and family from Oroomiah, took a tour to the mountains of Koordistan recently, and passed through many dangers. Once they were stopped and not allowed to proceed further at the time, but finally they have reached home in safety. The missionaries in Turkey are in great danger, as are all the Christians of that country.

. . . If you know of any one who has a desire to labor in Tabriz,

let her not hesitate to come on account of climate, for this is a delightful climate, cold enough in winter for an American, and pleasant in summer, and so dry is the atmosphere, that lung diseases are almost unknown.

Last week we had some visitors, five or six Mussulman women. They always stay three or four hours when they come to call, sometimes half a day, and we always make tea for them, as it is the custom here every time any one calls, to serve tea, or sometimes, in hot weather, sherbet. Two servants came with these women, a man and a maid-servant, and brought their *callione*, which is a Persian pipe; we have nothing like it in our country. The women are great smokers here. Their dress for the house is too immodest to describe. They wear a great many calico skirts; if they can afford it, the outside one is of silk; then a loose sacque that just hangs from the shoulders, the front being always open. The skirts scarcely reach the knees, and the stockings just come to the ankles. They make a good deal of fun of our clothes.

Mr. Labarree and family and Miss Henderson have reached Tabriz, and very glad we were to see them; but I don't know whether we can keep them here. They were formerly in Oroomiah, and the missionaries there are very desirous of getting them back again. They will go next week, but will not decide whether to remain there or come back here until fall. The visitors just mentioned were very much amused at Miss Henderson's dress, and wanted to know how she managed to get into it. Their talk is very foolish indeed, and we try to turn their thoughts to something good. Miss Jewett got the Bible and read to them, and we hope that the light will gradually dawn on their minds. There is no liberty here for Mussulman women. If the men call on us, no objection is made to it, but after these women called, the French consul told us that it was quite dangerous for them.

Miss Jewett's school is progressing. I give the scholars lessons in singing twice a week; they are learning as well as you could expect, considering that they never hear any music in this country.

Sometimes many come to our Sabbath services, sometimes few. The Armenian priests are very much opposed to us, but the work

goes on. An Armenian woman who has been helping Miss Jewett in her work, gives good evidence of being a Christian, and wishes to be admitted to the church. Miss Jewett has been giving her instruction for a long time, and it seems not to have been in vain. I often call on the natives with Miss Jewett, as a good way of reaching and becoming acquainted with them.

You do not know what a welcome visitor the *Woman's Work for Woman* is at this house. We read it through from cover to cover, and think it very interesting; although we do not get its news as quickly as you do, yet it is always fresh and readable. *Children's Work*, too, is a little gem. Miss Jewett takes it over to her school and translates the articles to her scholars.

. . . Although we do not pay so much attention to dress as ladies do in America, yet it takes a good deal of time to do the sewing to keep a family in respectable order, just as it does at home, and servants are not so efficient here as there. This afternoon my writing is often interrupted by this little girl of mine, she talks so much. She has Ayer's Almanac, and is showing the pictures to her kitty; now she has found a picture of a woman with long hair, and has run off to get a brush to brush it. She will be two years old next month, and talks very much more Turkish than she does English; she affords us great amusement. She is enjoying the society of the four Labaree children very much, and she is a great curiosity to them because she speaks Turkish. They understood Syriac when they went home four years ago, but have forgotten it while in America.

We are greatly rejoiced to hear of the revivals in America, and hope that more people will be moved to come out in these dark places of the earth and help spread the gospel, where so much is to be done and there are so few laborers. It costs something to be a Christian here. One's friends ridicule him, and among the Mussulmans persecution begins at once, if any one turn from his faith. The law penalty is death, but we have the great commission, and we believe that the Lord will make these lands his own in due time. Pray for the work here, that these people may not only hear the truth but accept it.

INDIA.—Allahabad.

MRS. HOLCOMBE.

YOU have learned long before this of the deep sorrow which has been ours in the sudden removal from our band of dear Mrs. Kellogg. I wanted to write you at the time, but could not.

Mrs. Kellogg was very dear to me, to us all, and we sadly miss her bright presence. How suddenly the messenger came! The week before her death she was suffering from a cold, but we thought it was nothing more, and during that week she was as busy as ever in her unselfish care for others. On Saturday she did not rise, and Sabbath night I spent with her. From this time we felt deeply anxious about her. As I watched beside her on Tuesday night, she talked of her darling children; grieved that they must so early be left without a mother's care, and commended them to God in prayer. Before the next night came, she was delirious, and from that time until her death, which occurred on Saturday night of that week, she had but few lucid intervals. It pained us sorely to hear the dear one in her delirium talk of her cares—to see her bearing even to the gates of the grave the cares that had pressed so heavily upon her in health. But her care was always for others, not for herself. When reason held the throne, and she grieved for the dear ones she must leave behind, there was no fear for herself—her soul seemed at rest. We hoped and prayed that before her spirit passed away she might recognize and speak some word of comfort to the loved ones whom she was leaving. Our prayer was granted. The patient sufferer turned to her husband and children with a kiss of farewell, and with words that will be a joy to them while life remains. The wife and mother knew that she was "sweeping through the gates," but she exclaimed exultingly, "No sickness, no death there! Happy in Jesus, saved entirely—entirely in Him!"

. . . Before leaving home, I had gained access to several houses until then closed to me and to many others. One or two families, in whom I felt much interest, had removed so far from us that I was unable to visit them, as much of the time I was obliged to

make my visits by walking. One of these families, a large one, I called upon once after their removal, and when they saw how the long walk had exhausted me, they said, "We are afraid you will never come to us again, and we so much want you to come." The most comfortable resting-place they could provide was furnished me, and refreshments offered, in the hope that my fatigue would soon be forgotten. I am greatly interested in this family, and if I am able to return to my work, shall try again to visit them.

INDIA.—Lahore.

MRS. C. B. NEWTON.

. . . MISS THIEDI had planned a treat for all the school children under her care. On the previous Thursday I went over to assist her in arranging and ticketing the presents. There were seven schools to be provided for, and a maze of dolls, pictures, bags and toys lay before us. We were looking and talking and feeling rather bewildered, when Miss Thiedi said, "Let us have a little prayer—it is very difficult." She asked very simply that the Lord would show us how to give just the right thing to the right child, and that we might make them happy. I am sure our prayers were answered, for it seemed so easy to arrange every thing afterward. First the names of the best children were recorded, and the best things allotted to them. Then the remaining children were taken up by schools and provided for. There was a gift for every one, and but very little left over. I do trust that the children who part so freely with their treasures will experience the truth of the passage: "they that water others shall themselves be watered."

The children were this year assembled in front of Miss Thiedi's school-house in the city. The teachers and older girls who consider it indecent to be seen outside, kept inside the building, where no gentlemen were admitted. There was a tree which was hung with ornaments of gilt and tissue paper, etc., the presents arranged underneath. Awnings were put up to protect us from the sun,

and native carpets spread, with chairs and benches for the guests, of whom there were a good number, principally English ladies, besides some gentlemen, several Eurasians and natives. The exercises were opened and closed with prayer in Hindustani, and interspersed with singing by the children.

. . . You may be interested to know how the houses are illuminated here, when, as was the case during the visit of the Prince of Wales to this country, it becomes necessary to do it. It is in the native style—the way in which they illuminate at all their Mahommedan and Hindoo festivals, and the way in which they have been doing it, I suppose, for hundreds of years. The native *chiraghs*, little lamps of earthenware, like the unglazed flower-pots at home, are of the shape of the lamps represented in the Bible dictionary. The wick, made of a little cotton rolled up in the hands, is placed so as to come out and burn at the little spout. They hold perhaps a gill of oil. They are placed in a row around the edge of the roof and that of the verandahs of the houses, sometimes on the verandah itself below, and on the window-sills, etc. The rule for illuminating for the Prince was four lamps for every three feet, and the effect was very pleasing.

INDIA.—Kolapoor.

MRS. J. J. HULL.

. . . As to our work here, it is not without encouragement. Five were added to our little church in the last year. We feel that we have great cause for thankfulness. Mr. Hull labored very hard to teach two men, and prepare them to teach others. They have now returned to their own village to live among their heathen relatives and neighbors, and to try to preach the gospel there by their lips and their lives. They have already suffered some persecution for Jesus' sake.

In this mission we have now no old missionary by whose experience and wise counsel to be guided. All here at present are comparatively new-comers. I feel very ignorant and perplexed often in regard to the right course to take.

WEST AFRICA.—Bolondo.

Miss I. A. Nassau.

. . . We ought to be encouraged by the many little things that come across our path daily. When I asked one woman if she knew how to read, as preparatory to her entering the inquirers' class: "No," said she, "but if a person desires a thing much, he will find the way; I will try." One very old woman, named Ndivo, formerly ill-tempered and stupid, now gentle in her manners, and with a face very bright and intelligent, said to me one day: "I wish to learn the prayer-commandment" (meaning the tenth verse of the fifty-first Psalm), "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

Oh, what a wonderful thing the gospel of Christ is, when it can convert a person whose actual knowledge of the Bible is limited to the ten commandments and a few verses! Often I say to myself, when talking to old Ndivo, truly the Holy Spirit is her teacher. Think of a group of these hard-worked women, bending forward and listening eagerly, as I talked to them of the Guiding Hand; of the heaven prepared for those who love Him; of the changeless and enduring bliss of that heaven; telling them that we shall know Jesus there; that we shall also know and love each other. They clasped each other's hands with delight, and the word death, the narrow stream, the *door* that opens into heaven, did not bring over their faces that look of fear and dread which it does to the unconverted heathen.

Little Upilo, who is a baptized member of the church, is the son of our elder Mozymba. He said to me last evening, as I sat in the prayer-room, preparing for the evening worship, "Mamma, if you please, sing 'Jesus Christ *whai movê?*'" that is, "Jesus Christ, thy servant," &c. (It is a hymn for a sick and dying person.) Upilo's father had been struck down with a disease which we fear will prove fatal, and this brave little fellow has not shed a tear, but prays for his father. To-morrow, Petrye, who is his uncle, will take Upilo to see his father, of whom he is very fond.

. . . The cutter has come, but the only things for me from America are the *Presbyterian* and *Evangelist*. But I am not disappointed. I do not wish you to think that we are lonely, though weeks pass during which we have only our two white faces to look upon. There is a great deal of kindliness that brightens up the dark faces of these poor women who are seeking the Saviour, and come every day for instruction, and of my own good boys. After worship this evening, I told the boys I would read them a letter from the party who are at present establishing the "Livingstonia Mission" on Lake Nyassa. So we gathered around a large English map of Africa which adorns our parlor. The boys love geography, so in this way a full half-hour passed, and it is now after nine o'clock.

One of the women of the inquirer's class said to me after her lesson to day, "*Mwana Paia* (child of my father), let me tell you how the younger women beg my clothes, and you know I am older than they." "Ah," said I, "that is not right; they should work and get clothes for themselves." I know that she meant that I might give her some garment, but I seldom give just at the time, unless I see there is great need; for the people all have such a miserable habit of begging from each other, and the most industrious are the most begged from.

WEST AFRICA.—Corisco.

Mrs. Reutlinger.

We have been provided with some days of long-needed but unlooked-for rest, and now we shall be able to write letters. Three weeks ago our Benga people concluded they would not sell any more native food to us unless we would pay a higher price. We felt that, under the present circumstances and for their own good, we could not comply with their request. We therefore decided to send all the boys and girls to their homes, to be provided for by their own friends until this cloud should lift itself. The young men and boys whose homes are the farthest on the mainland we concluded to keep. Happily we had a barrel and a half of

Kroo rice on hand, which has been a great help, and when the Hudson came, Miss Nassau brought us food to last another week. Quietly we have waited, that the matter might be settled by those who began it, and we have hope that it now will come to an end, for some are getting tired, and some say that such laws should not extend to the missionaries. In the meantime, with the exception of our school, everything goes on as usual. This matter has not interfered with our other missionary work. Our meetings are well attended, and although the bright eyes of most of our children are missing in school, and at our morning and evening worship, yet we still count twenty persons on our premises.

Our Sabbath-school is well attended. Last Sabbath in my class I had fourteen women, old and young. It was a pleasure to notice the eagerness with which they listened. As some were there who had been present the Sabbath before, I asked them to repeat the verse which I had taught them eight days ago. Some remembered it still. One old woman said, "Mama, I want to keep all these verses, but I cannot; the bad that is within me will not let me, but my desire is to know more." I was touched, too, with the prayer of one woman in our meeting. She told God, in the simplicity of her heart, that there were many sisters on the island; now if only the good Lord would give them some brothers who might be able to go and proclaim the good tidings to others; "for we cannot go like the white women; we are bought; we have no freedom." And, poor women, the trouble is that at times when they could have their freedom, they are not satisfied until they are bound again.

It will take long patience and much love before they see things as the light of God has taught us to see them. Yes, the missionary work is a good work, and although we have difficulties, and I sometimes murmur when things go crooked, yet truly in my heart of hearts I would not change my work. One friend has just written me, "I pity you because you are in Africa;" but if she would come to Elongo, she would soon see that we do not need to be pitied, but rather to be envied for the blessings of our work.

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—Los Angeles.

Mrs. I. M. Condit.

You are used, dear *Woman's Work*, to have missionaries write you from "India's coral strand," and from "Afric's sunny fountains," but perhaps never before have had greetings from the orange groves of southern California. But here I write you to-day from the "land of the angels," while the odor of orange blossoms is wafted into my room on most gentle breezes. The outside world all about me is a beautiful picture, but I feel far too practical to-day to give the artistic touches to the zephyr-fanned, fragrant landscape which are needed to give soul to this outline. Can you see the narrow, obscure street, with the long, low row of adobe houses, a few orange trees in front, and a clump of pepper trees in the rear? This is the rough pencil sketch. Give soul to it by placing in the foreground a mass of—not cherubs or madonnas, but only Chinese men and women, and the picture is complete. I cannot forget, while looking upon this "prospect" which "pleases," that only "man is vile."

I am glad that the eyes which look so anxiously for each number of *Woman's Work* need no fancy coloring for missionary facts—facts such as I give you now.

We have occupied our new "Centennial" mission station just three months, but this has been long enough to explore most of the field in a general way. We find plenty of hard pioneer work to be done. Our hearts might falter, did we not feel that the arms of the mighty God are lovingly about us. When sleepless nights and weary days of work "under protest," which many missionaries so well understand, forced us to a southern climate in January, it was with a full expectation of a return to our much loved work in San Francisco. But while an itineration of six weeks recovered health and strength, it also brought us face to face with the very needy and hitherto unoccupied fields of Chinese work in southern California—with many thousands of heathen, who have no one to give them the gospel.

During a stay of ten days in Los Angeles, the Chinese met us

very often with the request, "Why can you not come here and teach us?" And when we replied, "Our work is in San Francisco," they answered, "There are so many in the north to teach the Chinese, while there are thousands here who have no teacher." Still our hearts were loyal to our dear boys, and women and children, of the San Francisco mission. And so we passed on our way. As we went to Anaheim and San Bernardino, back to Los Angeles and to Santa Barbara, the call met us at every point. At length it came in such a form as to convince us that it was the Lord's call to a new field, and we dared not close our hearts to it. The larger and well-established fields in the north were already occupied by faithful laborers, and we were willing to go to the regions beyond. We knew that the "Lo, I am with you," would be verified to us here, as there. The climatic change has been favorable, and now I write of what God has helped us to do, in our three months of labor.

As the desire to have us come, expressed by the Chinese, was only to teach them English, you will not be surprised to know that we did not find *one* who cared for the gospel. Three of our faithful friends from the northern mission came with us, or soon after, and as they were all Christians, and anxious to help, we have found them very useful. One was our servant for nearly three years. He came to us a heathen, but soon became an earnest Christian. He is now living in the family of an elder in the Presbyterian church here, and is witnessing a good profession. Another after being tried for two months as a helper in various ways, in addition to his labors as servant in a family, has been temporarily employed by my husband as assistant. The third is in our own family.

A Young Men's Christian Association has been formed, and now numbers twelve members, all of whom are working faithfully for the mission. One or two of these are inquiring the way of life, and Mr. Condit has a regular class of six bright boys, who are studying the Scriptures.

My department does not yet show much fruit. There are more than a hundred women here, and a few children; many small boys, and but few small girls. I have taught two women and a

bright little girl quite regularly. The little one is very interesting. She goes with me through the Chinese quarters, and cheers many a walk with her childish prattle. She very often sings a little couplet to herself as she goes. The words which she sings most earnestly are, *lai pai tong* (chapel), and *hang kai* (walk the street), and the literal translation of her ditty, is, "walking the street to the church." This is varied by introducing "Jesus loves me" as a refrain. I hope much from her. Pray for her. I have not yet attempted holding meetings with these women, for such meetings can only be successful when they are the result of long and patient visitation from house to house. This I have begun to do. Will not this beginning of the new mission for Southern California be specially remembered by *every reader* of *Woman's Work* at home and abroad? This is a time of need for Chinese in California; they need your prayers.

SYRIA.—Sidon.

MRS. W. W. EDDY.

SABBATH, June 11th, was communion day in our little church in Sidon. There stood up then one, and only one, to profess her faith in Christ. She was an *old* woman, but her clear and distinct answers to the articles of faith and to the covenant showed that she was not ashamed to profess Christ before others.

Who was she upon whom we all looked with so much interest, and to whose confession doubtless the angels listened with joy?

Not a Sidonian. Few of the women of this city have broken loose from the chains that bind them to their old superstitions. She is from Werdaneeyeh, a village about six miles distant, on the first slopes of Mt. Lebanon. She walked all this way on the previous day, that she might not be too weary to enjoy the service on the Sabbath. She returned with me from the church, and I asked her, "How many years have you been married?"

"Forty-four years," was the answer.

"How many years has your husband been a Protestant?"

"More than twenty."

"Did you persecute him at first?"

"Yes, indeed I did; I would have nothing to do with the new religion. I would not even listen when the Bible was read."

Her husband, who was present, then said: "When she fled to Sidon in 1860, at the time of the massacres, she became less hard-hearted, but not until the last two or three years has her heart been opened to receive the truth."

"How could you resist so long," I said; "and has not God been long-suffering towards you, when you had such opportunities and yet neglected them?"

"Yes, I have much to be forgiven." Then her husband added, "She used to be so much enraged that she wished she could shoot the Protestant missionaries."

Her married daughter sat by. She had joined the church at a previous communion. There were father, mother, daughter, and daughter's husband, all, as we trust, safe in the fold; all members of the church—an unusual sight in this country, where more commonly "one is taken and another left." Mother, daughter, and son-in-law were all brought to the knowledge of the truth by the faithful teaching and godly walk of the father. Good old Abu Ibrahim, thou art little known and loved on earth, but surely thou art loved in heaven, and thou shalt one day "shine as the stars of the firmament," for thou hast turned many unto righteousness.

Wednesday, June 14th, was examination day in our female seminary. We did not make it as public as usual this year. Of the missionaries, Mr. Bird came from Abeih, and Mr. Dennis from Beirût. We met in the new school-room. We could say, "Blessed are our eyes for what they have seen, and our ears for what they have heard this day."

The class in the Bible bore a close examination on the Tabernacle, its construction, its furniture, the uses of each part, and the symbolic meaning, illustrating the description by a diagram drawn by the scholars on the blackboard. Classes in history and in physiology did themselves great credit. Then we had singing and reading music by note, and also several classes in arithmetic, in geography and in grammar.

The closing exercises included the distribution of prizes. The one who had the highest number of marks for good conduct was Luceeya, daughter of the native preacher in Heeam. She received a handsome copy of the Arabic Bible. The second and third prizes for excelling in scholarship and in domestic work were taken by Houla of Abeih. The fourth prize was taken by Sa-e-de, daughter of the Protestant teacher now in Mejdel on Mt. Hermon. The prize for writing was taken by Hannum of Homs.

The girls all appeared neatly dressed in garments made by their own hands. They have now gone home for their vacation, taking as their motto, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." We trust that many of these girls are heartily disposed to carry out this, which is one of the greatest objects of their being taught, the doing good to others, the spreading of the light which has beamed into their own souls. The dear friends in America who are praying and giving for those girls may be assured that their prayers and self-denial are not in vain. Fruits are ripening for time and for eternity from seed here sown.

CHINA.—Canton.

Miss M. Noyes.

The boarding-school opened on the 9th of February, and there are now twenty-one scholars enrolled, and others yet to come. The mission decided to place the woman's department under Miss Crouch's charge, and assigned to me the oversight of the girls. The two are now entirely separate, the girls occupying the upper floor of the building, and the women the lower. We enjoy the improvements made in our building very much; the increased ventilation is a blessing for which we feel constantly thankful. There is scarcely any sickness among the pupils this year.

We miss the dear girls who left us at the close of last year very much, and we miss the religious influence they exerted over the school. There are now but two girls among the number who are church members, but we have one other whom we trust is a

Christian. She desired very much to unite with the church at our last communion, but the opposition of her father was so great that she did not take the step. Nothing but the grace of God can sustain these young disciples, and enable them to meet the trials which lie in their path the moment they acknowledge that they are followers of Jesus. Will you not pray for this dear child Asing, that she may be enabled to count all things but loss for Christ's sake?

A scholar from the woman's department received baptism at our last communion. Miss Crouch and I have each two day-schools under our care, and mine are more promising than they were last year. A married woman has connected herself with one of them. She is prepossessing in her appearance and is a good scholar. I cannot but hope that she will before long enter the fold of the great Shepherd, and become an earnest helper in spreading the knowledge of the gospel among her benighted sisters.

The outlook in Canton is encouraging, and I trust this year will be one of blessing to us. I feel that I have come in the reaping-time, and am very happy that God has permitted me to come to China. If there is one wish of an earthly nature above every other in my heart, it is that I may be spared many years, and that I may give those years to this people. . . . God bless you all! You know not how your love, care and sympathy, and above all, your prayers, help us amid the experiences of our work here. No burden is so heavy that the thought of the devoted ones in the home land constantly remembering us before the Father cannot lighten it. Indeed, it seems to me that we have so much to rejoice over, and to be thankful for, that we ought never to yield to discouragement.

Mrs. J. F. Da Gama writes from Rio Claro, Brazil:—"Our school at present is composed of the children of the poor. The rich have many of them gone to their plantations where they have a teacher for their children. As we are not able to open a boarding-school, they left us. It is discouraging to be in a place where we see the need of means to carry on our work, and our inability to go forward in consequence."

At Home.

PERSIAN WOMEN UNDER THE GOSPEL.

In thinking of Persia as the field appropriated by the Board for October, and recalling what has been done for women in that land, the names of Miss Fiske and Miss Rice can hardly fail to present themselves. God has given to very few of His servants in heathen lands, or among those who have "a name to live, but are dead," such fruit of their labors realized by themselves, as to these faithful laborers in Persia. When the Oroomiah Female Seminary was begun in 1843, growing out of the day-school maintained by Mrs. Grant ever since, shortly after her arrival in 1835, the outward cleansing of the girls was the first matter to be attended to, and persistently looked after, day after day. The faults of lying and thieving were universal among them, and their language to each other was often vile and profane. All evil passions seemed to rule in them without control or sense of shame.

By way of showing the change which the spirit of God wrought through the instrumentality of the two faithful women above named, we make a few extracts from "Woman and her Saviour in Persia."

Read first the simple story of one who had been a Christian eight years in her native village after leaving the seminary, before any teacher or pastor came to her. "I used to go to evening meetings with Yahob, and on my return my uncle would take me by the braids of my hair, and throw me on the ground, saying, 'You go because there are young men there.' Sometimes I found the door barred against me; then I went to a neighbor's to lodge, or oftener to the stable, and slept in a manger; but I was never afraid, for Christ was with me. For a time my betrothed wished to put me away; it was then that I found Christ, and I have never forsaken Him since."

Another one had married a husband who would not allow her to attend church, and she was supposed to have gone back to empty

forms, having lost her first love to Christ. She was asked by the teacher, after several years had thus passed and an opportunity for conversation at last came, "Do you think you love the Saviour?"

"Yes, as the apple of my eye."

"Are you sure that you have not forsaken Him in all these years?"

"I have been very sinful all the time, but do not think I have taken my hand from Christ."

"Have you kept up secret prayer all these years?"

"I have."

A woman once came to the seminary in great sorrow for her sins, and sat on the floor weeping for this cause. After praying with her, the teacher asked her to pray for herself.

"But I can't pray; I don't know your prayers."

"Hatoon, don't try to pray like me, or like anybody; but just tell God how you feel and what you want."

"May I tell God just what is in my heart?"

Being assured on that point, she fell on her face, weeping aloud, saying amid sobs, "O God, I am not fit even for an old broom to sweep with;" and could say no more. This was doubtless the most worthless thing the poor woman could think of in her humble home.

Once more, read this from an account of a prayer-meeting at the seminary, when a number of former inmates were present, and wonder, as you read, how it is that the tongues of so many of our Christian women here are tied fast in the prayer-meetings of their sisterhood, while those of these Eastern women, but lately in all the darkness of idolatry or false religion, are thus loosened to speak of and to the Master:

"Hanee was one of the two whom Mar Yohanan brought to Miss Fiske at the commencement of the school. She had not long before (the time of the meeting) buried her only child; and holding her hands as though the little one still rested on them, she said, "Sisters, at the last communion you saw me here with my babe in these arms. It is not here now. I have laid it into the arms of Jesus, and come to-day to tell you there is a sweet as well as a

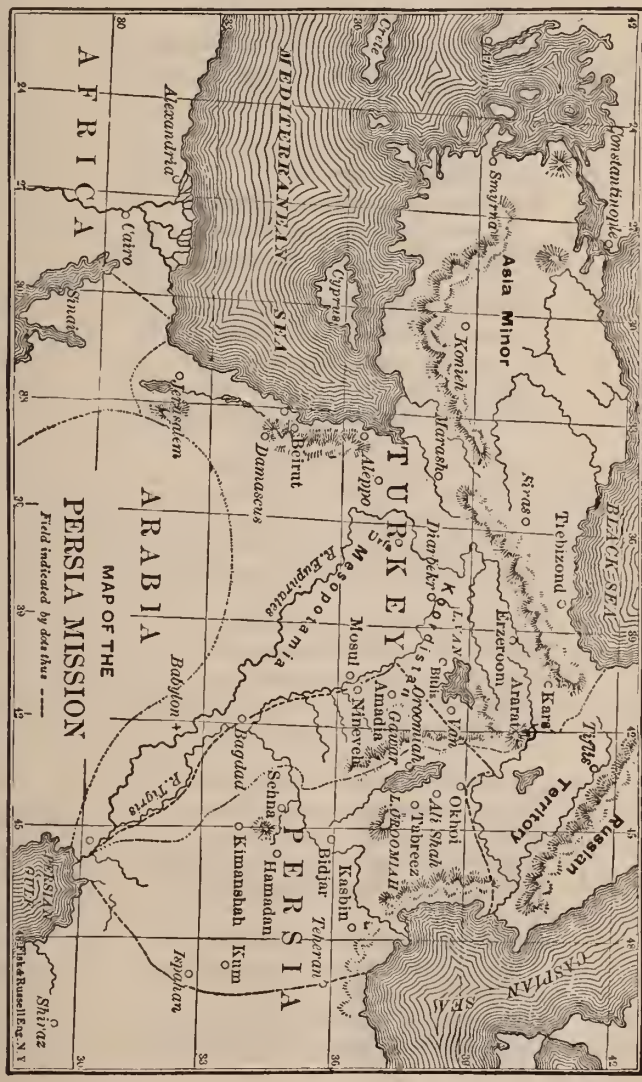
bitter in affliction. When the rod is appointed to us let us not only kiss it, but press it to our lips. When I stood by that little open grave, I said, 'All the time I have given to my babe I will give to souls.' I try to do so. Pray for me." She told but the simple truth; for after the death of her child, she used to bring the women into the room where it died, and there talk and pray with them. When she ceased, the whole company were in tears. The leader could only ask, "Who will pray?" and Sanum, whose children had died by poison, and who could enter into the feelings of the bereaved mother, knelt down and prayed as very few could pray, for mothers left desolate, and for those who still folded their little ones in their arms. There was perfect silence while she pleaded for them, save as the sweet voice of her own babe sometimes added to the tenderness of her petitions. A child in heaven! what a treasure and what a blessing, if it draw the heart thither also!" After telling of other prayers, the account says, "As many as twelve said a few words, and more than that number led in prayer, during the two hours they were together.

Of just these women, when Miss Fiske first went among them, she said, "I did not want to leave them, but I did ask, 'Can the image of Christ ever be reflected from such hearts?' . . . When I saw their true character, I found that I needed a purer, holier love for them than I had ever possessed. It was good for me to see that I could do nothing, and it was comforting to think that Jesus had talked with just such women as composed the mass around me, and that afterwards many believed because of one such woman."

How can we ever let our hearts sink with weariness and discouragement, when we see that such changes as these have been wrought in the past, and believe that, with the blessing of God, they can and will be wrought again by His children working with Him!

We insert a map of the Persia Mission this month, that all our readers may have a clear idea of its position. Our own missionaries, Mrs. Whipple, Mrs. Oldfather and Mrs. Labaree, are at Oroomiah, with their husbands, Dr. and Mrs. Holmes and Misses Vanduzee and Poage. At Seir, in the mountains west of Oroomiah, is Mrs. Cochran. At Tabriz, Rev. P. Z. and Mrs. Easton

(under the care of our society) and Miss Jewett. Rev. James and Mrs. Bassett, Miss S. J. Bassett and Rev. J. L. Potter are at Teheran.



THE WICK OF STRAW.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Day with its heated toil was o'er,
And of the dusky crowds, a few
Crept curious thro' the low-browed door,
Beneath the rafters of bamboo,
And sat them on the earthen floor.

Half stifled in the murky room,
A solitary taper gleamed,
That strove the darkness to illume,
Yet showed it denser, as it seemed;
So faint it flickered thro' the gloom.

A palm-oil drop, cupped in a shell—
An inch of braided barley-straw,
With point of flame scarce visible,
Was all the crouching listeners saw,
To chase the dusk that round them fell.

And reading by the rushlight dim,
Sat one of alien name and face,
Who for the loving sake of Him
Whose cross first lit earth's dwelling-place,
Came round the world this lamp to trim.

About the scarcely-kindled spark
He folds his pale, protecting hand,
Lest, set as superstition's mark,
Or quenched by hate's simoons of sand,
The people grope in deeper dark.

No wonder that disheartening fears
Betray themselves in air and tone:
No wonder, gazing down the years,
Thro' which these myriads troop alone,
This "Jesus-man" is blind with tears!

"O, if from out the blaze of light
That floods so many a Christian dome—
O, if across the billows white,
That break betwixt me and my home,
They would but spare one lamp to-night!

"If they believed what Christ still saith—
If they once saw what I have seen—
They could not breathe such tranquil breath,
They could not watch with soul serene
These stumblers staggering down to death!

"By Him whose feet for us have trod
The wine-press of the wrath, I pray,
Ye churches, fling the torch abroad—
Ye Christians, point the upward way,
And light these heathen home to God!"

—*Dare* we deny Him? Shall He draw
No help from hearts unmoved and shut?
Can we, renouncing Love's sweet law,
See calmly, in the bamboo hut,
The quenching of that inch of straw?

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

WORK AMONG THE CHURCHES.

MISS S. LORING.

. . . YOU ask for a report of my past few months' work, with scraps of my personal experience. "No man liveth to himself," and my experience involves many who would prefer not "getting into print." For their sake, and especially for the "sake of the cause," I refrain. I look back over all the months and feel like one *daft*. Often have I wondered if the "powers that be" at 1334 Chestnut St. have the slightest conception of the variety that comes under the sphere of their influence. Have said "powers" ever received a letter from one of "the variety" saying, "Let them send one of the heathen over here to be educated, then he can go back there instead of sending so many missionaries?" With the pen for a medium, the remark loses half its force. The "powers" would probably think that, without a shadow of a doubt, they had placed her beyond all cavil by replying, "What could one educated heathen do among *six hundred millions* who are wanting the pure gospel?" "Let them send two or three of them, then," might come back to Chestnut St. right warm from the woman's heart (even by telegraph); but, losing the expression of her face, the "powers" fail to be

convinced that they had better lock the doors of their official sanctum to "go home and take care of their own heathen."

I have met a few, who during all their lifetime, have been "subject to bondage" through fear of woman's work; another few, who forgetting the power of combined systematic effort, are opposed to "organizations." What then, with all its pros and cons do I think of this child of six years already grown to the stature of a woman?

I am thankful that I live in this nineteenth century; that I was not born too early to enjoy the God-given privileges which are granted me in this work. Every hour I glory in it, and every day does my heart thrill with joy over the change that it is working in the women of our church. Scores, yes, hundreds and thousands, are learning to consecrate their talent and their property to a higher object than *self*.

It was my privilege to see something of the soul-work that was carried on so gloriously in many of our churches. Hearts all aglow with their first love, and others rejoicing over loved ones saved, seemed to "know not how to thank Him save by uplifting the heave-offering of the overflowing of their life." I watch now our magazine for the reports of societies either organized or revived at that time—watch to see if the giving back to God will be in proportion to what He gave them.

Oh, that enthusiasm were not so often the child of a day—the transient guest of a few hours! Oh for a constant, steady flow of prayerful, loving sympathy for souls from every child of God; and a deep sense of the debt she owes to Him who redeemed her, and who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever! Oh, for more of that *sameness* in our own lives!

I have attended three hundred and twenty missionary meetings, and assisted in organizing about eighty-five societies, since I began this blessed work. Now and then I am pointed to the gravestone of a defunct society with the epitaph, "Died through the indifference of its members." It was not killed by bickering and strife, not trampled to death by the foot of prejudice, not choked by the gaunt hand of poverty, but it is just decently dead. Let us pray that they may all be decently resurrected as well as the poor sisters who let them die.

AS GOD HATH PROSPERED US.

The $77,861 which was received by our Treasurer last year was collected in small sums, with a few exceptions. We doubt not that the greater part of it came from those of limited income; and costly offerings, we know, were some of those small sums, freighted as they were with prayer and perfumed with love. But why so large a preponderance of the small sums? Are there so few Christians among the wealthy? We cannot think so. When the Master asks for the *proportion* of our means, without regard to the amount, have they no responsibility in the matter? Or do they consider the souls for which Christ died of so little value?

Our work—of necessity a growing one—is expanding more rapidly than ever before. We need the strength of the whole band of Presbyterian women to keep pace with it; how much of that strength shall we have this year? Not the force which shall expend itself in one spasmodic effort, but the constant, systematic outflow of our choicest and best for the Master, even as His blessings come in all their fullness to us. The time when "a nation shall be born in a day" may not be as far distant as we may think, and who among us would not rejoice to bear her part in hastening that glad time?

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

AUXILIARIES.

Amity, Pa.
Barnesville, Ohio.
Butler, Pa.
Harlensburg, Pa.
Harrisville, Pa.
London, Ohio.
Martinsburg, Pa.
Plain Grove, Pa.
Zelienople, Pa.

BAND.

London, Ohio., Finley Band.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Kent, Miss Mary
Loomis, A. W., D.D.
Scott, Mrs. William A.
Shedd, Rev. Henry
Shedd, Mrs. Henry
Smith, Rev. G. L.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from August 1, 1876.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BELLEFONTAINE.—Urbana Aux., 1st Ch., Cent. off., Tripoli house, . . . $67 00

BINGHAMPTON.—Windsor Aux., sup. sch. at Futtehgurh, ... 12 00

CARLISLE.—Carlisle, Golden Chain Bd., sup. Hannah, Oroomiah, $14; Harrisburg 1st Ch., Gleaners, sup. child at Futtehgurh, $30; S. S. Pine St. Ch., Whatsoevers, sch'p at Corisco, $30, . 74 00

CLARION.—Academia Aux., . 6 00

CLEVELAND.—Cleveland Pres. Soc., for travelling expenses of Miss'y: Collamer Aux., $5; Kingsville Aux., $5; Newburg Aux., $11 50; Northfield Aux., $4 60; N. Springfield Aux., $18; Streetsboro' Aux., $3 ($47 10); Cleveland, Woodland Av. Ch., Sarah Adams Bd., sup. Nat. Tea. at Negpore, $50, ... 97 10

COLUMBUS.—London Ch., S. S. Finley Bd., . . . 13 28

DAYTON.—Oxford Fem. Col., Soc. of Inq. on Miss., . 40 00

ELIZABETH.—Bethlehem Aux., for work in Syria, $5; Perth Amboy, Harriet Newell Bd., Cent. thankoff., $25; Plainfield, 1st Ch., S. S., sup. pupil at Dehra, $60, 90 00

HUNTINGDON.—Pine Grove Aux., ... 25 00

HURON.—Sandusky Aux., for Tripoli house, . . . 15 00

KITTANNING.—Bethel Aux., $25; Elderton Aux., $10; Jacksonville Aux., $25 ($60), sup. Miss'y, Brazil; Marion Aux, $10, . . 70 00

LACKAWANNA.—Pittston, Parke Miss. Bd., $47; Wilkesbarre Aux., Mem. Ch., for sch., Mexico, $100, 147 00

MAHONING.—Deerfield Aux. . 27 85

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Trenton, Mrs. F. J. Slade, for Miss'y, India, ... 150 00

PHILADELPHIA, NORTH.—Germantown, 1st Ch. Aux., sup. Miss'y, Japan, . . . $112 50

PITTSBURGH AND ALLEGHENY COM.—Allegheny, 1st Ch. Aux., sup. B. R., Persia, $75; Raccoon Aux., for Miss Coffman's work in Siam, $42, 117 00

REDSTONE.—Little Redstone Aux., $32; Pleasant Unity Aux., $8 54, . . . 40 54

WASHINGTON CITY.—Washington, S. S., N. Y. Av. Ch., Ministering Children, sup. child at Dehra, . . . 56 00

WEST JERSEY.—Woodbury Aux., ... 36 00

WOOSTER.—Ladies of Chippewa Ch., ... 7 75

ZANESVILLE.—Fultonham Aux., $7; Jefferson Aux., $6; Mrs. Wm. Farquar and Mrs. Cyrus Elder, each $1, Cent. off., ($8), . . 15 00

CENTENNIAL OFFERINGS.—Bloomsbury, N. J., S. S., $1; Delhi, O., Mrs. E. Caton, $1; Phelps, N. Y., Mrs. Geo. Hubbell, $9; Mrs. J. Frisbee, $1 ($10), for Tripoli house; Southamptonville, Pa., Mrs. S. Cornell, $1; Syria, Miss'y Lady, $1; Troy, N. Y., A Friend, for fund for Missionaries' Children, $1; West Chester, Pa., Miss H. A. Davis, $2 50, . . 17 50

MISCELLANEOUS.—Arkport, N. Y., Mrs. G. N. Todd, $1; C., $1; Chester, Pa., Little Bessie, for Yokohama sch., $10; Deal, $3 25; Elm Grove, W. Va., two sisters, for Tripoli house, $4; Princeton, N. J., Mrs. M. B. Fine, thank-offering for answered prayer, $4; Shushan, N. Y., Mrs. A. W. McLean, $8; Anon., $47 90, 79 15

Total Receipts for August, $1,315 67
Previously acknowledged, 13,338 35

Total Receipts, from May 1, to September 1, 1876, . $14,674 02

MRS. J. M. FISHBURN, *Treasurer*,
1334 Chestnut Street, Phila.

September 1, 1876.

W. P. B. M.

Northwestern Department.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Mrs. W. S. Robertson.

Tallahassee, Indian Territory, August 12, 1876.

. . . I WRITE you now because I am sure that you and the readers of *Woman's Work* will sympathize with us in the great loss we have just sustained in the death of Hon. S. W. Perryman, one of the two elders in our little church. It has been evident for some time that consumption was claiming another victim in him. . . . The second severe hemorrhage came on the morning of the tenth, and in the exhaustion which followed, he seemed just leaving us, and exclaimed, "Let me sleep, let me sleep; sweet Jesus take my soul!" and then again, "Let me sleep!" . . . In losing him, we have lost the one of our interpreters who possessed the rare quality in translators of being able to transfer an idea from one language to another, both literally and in few words—a quality which is more important in the translation of the Scriptures than in any kindred work. Not his missionary friends alone depended on him on this account, but public men sought his aid when important messages from Government were to be interpreted. He will be missed from more public life as well as from the mission work. . . . At times, when his health allowed, he came all the way here, seven or eight miles, to attend our Wednesday evening prayer-meetings, returning home in the night. . . .

And now let me recommend for the earnest prayers of the dear *Woman's Work* sisters, his sorely bereaved wife with her two little girls. He found her a teacher in our school, and her heart has ever been in the work. Yesterday she left with me, to be sent for her to your Society, three dollars, one the Centennial dollar, and the other two her five-cents-a-week contribution for the past nine months.

CHINA.

Miss H. Noyes.

. . . We left the dear circle of missionaries in Canton in usual health, with the exception of Mrs. Dr. Kerr, who has not been well for some time. . . . I was very glad that I could leave my work in such good hands. Sister M. takes charge of the girls' department of the boarding-school, and Miss Crouch of the women's department. Besides this work, they will each have two or three day-schools and a number of Bible readers under their charge, so they will have plenty of work to do which will keep them from being lonely.

. . . When we rebuilt after the fire, we wished much to "enlarge our borders," but found it impossible to do so, as we could not purchase an additional inch of ground. Still we were able to make such changes as will allow us to take a few more scholars. It is very pleasant and encouraging to think of a large circle of warm-hearted workers at home being interested in the school which is so dear to us. . . .

The school year closed just before I left Canton, and a class of eleven finished their three years' course of study; our first "graduates," one of the number being A-sam. Seven of these are members of the church, and we have hope that the other four are Christians. One of these is the daughter of Christian parents, members of the Wesleyan Church, and she will naturally unite with that church. The other three have all expressed a wish to be numbered with the followers of Jesus, but are deterred by the opposition of their friends and relatives. The girls all felt very deeply leaving their pleasant school home, for they knew that they must expect continually to meet with crosses and hindrances in their Christian life. You can think how hard it is for us to send them back to their heathen homes, and our only comfort is in remembering that Jesus will surely go with them. "God will not leave His own," and many of the dear girls have given us most precious testimony that they are indeed the Saviour's chosen ones. . . . Three of the four women supported by the Society in L—— have now finished studying in the school. One, I suppose, has already

commenced a school of her own, in which we feel much interested, as it is the first attempt of the kind any of our Christian women have made. The school is to be entirely independent and self-supporting. This seems to us a long step forward.

. . . The last Sabbath, the day before we left Canton, was our communion Sabbath in the First Church, and twelve were received, making nearly forty during the past year that have united with this church, and I think perhaps ten with the Second Church, which has been recently organized, and is much smaller than the first.

FROM MRS. H. M. HOUSE.

. . . We left Bangkok on the thirteenth of February for Hong Kong, and sailed from there on the 15th of March in the P. M. S. S., "Great Republic." We had a pleasant voyage to San Francisco, my health improving very much.

. . . Soon after our arrival in the country, we placed our Siamese boys here in the "Home and School," where there are but twelve boarding pupils, and they will be cared for here till we have a home of our own. Perhaps Mrs. J. told you that we brought the son of a nobleman home with us, a little fellow about eleven and a half years old. He is a dear boy, as is also *our* boy Boon It. He is to stay eight years or longer, to learn engineering and surveying at his father's expense. His father knows that we will do all in our power to instruct and interest him in our religion, and yet was very anxious to have him come with us, indeed, would take no denial. Boon It we have undertaken to educate at our own expense, hoping through him to do a good work for Siam. I feel that at our age, and with our means (we came home at our own expense and have always done so), and with my delicate health, we have taken a great responsibility upon ourselves, and may sometimes have to ask for him some pecuniary aid. He is the eldest son of the native matron and teacher of our girls' school, and she tells me that she often rises at midnight to pray that he may become a good Christian, and be disposed to prepare himself to preach the gospel to his countrymen on his return. Her

letters to him would do credit to any Christian mother in America. May I not, through you, ask the prayers of the ladies about you for these two dear boys? I wish you could see them. If I ever go to Chicago, I shall perhaps take them with me. Their teachers speak very highly of their deportment and attention to their studies. They make friends wherever they go.

Need I tell you that I left Siam with a sad, *sad* heart? At the monthly concert this month, my feelings so overcame me, that I felt as if I could not attend another till I am more reconciled to the thought that I can never again labor among the heathen. I think many of the Siamese truly regretted our leaving. The dear school girls followed us weeping to the landing, and we could hear their sobs as long as we could see them waving their "Good-bye." Had I not felt that it was a case of life and death, I could not have torn myself away. It was plainly *duty*, but it seems to me a dark providence that I should so soon be obliged to leave this dear school, the result of so much labor and prayer, and of so many trials. . . . I do hope that the ladies of the Northwest will not lose their interest in this school, for they still have charge of the teacher and three of the pupils. . . . I think it would be better if the ladies and Sabbath-schools of the churches at home would pay the sum required, and feel that they are educating one pupil, or more than one, in a certain school, and not have any particular child assigned to them, but have photographs of all the scholars, and occasionally be informed of the progress of the school. Were they to do so, then when one pupil left the school, or did not do well, no Sunday-school, or circle, or band, would be particularly discouraged by it.

CHILI.—Santiago.

REV. S. W. CURTIS.

. . . WE came to Santiago four months ago, to learn Spanish and prepare ourselves for work among the Spanish people. I have been doing what I could. I have some knowledge of the language, so that I can explain the lesson in Sabbath-school, and also assist at the Wednesday evening meetings. We may not remain here

very long. Our permanent field is not yet given us. As long as we remain in Santiago, we will do all we can to promote the cause of Christ. We may go to Copiapo soon. Rev. Mr. Sayre, our missionary there, wishes to return home this year, and advises us to come there and occupy his place. Talca is also a station formerly occupied by Rev. Mr. Sayre. Some one should preach the gospel there. Talca is in many respects a more desirable city, as there is plenty of rain during a part of the year, and vegetation, but in Copiapo there is scarcely any of either.

In Copiapo there is a small native congregation and Sunday-school and many Christian friends who speak English. In Talca, there is much less encouragement. I am ready to go to either city, as I am ready to go where myself and wife can do most for our Master. The Santiago church has had no pastor since the death of Rev. Mr. Ibanez, but it is hoped that Rev. Mr. Christian will return soon, or that Rev. Mr. Wallace, of Bogota, will come here. Two missionaries are needed, but other places must be supplied. Santiago is the most important station in Chili. We have a comfortable church, a small congregation and Sunday-school—small, yet very hopeful. There is no school maintained by our mission in Santiago nor in Copiapo at present. The only school now is in Valparaiso. This city lost very much when Mr. Ibanez died. Mrs. Ibanez is not at present connected with the mission.

BRAZIL.

Trip of Rev. J. F. Da Gama.

Some eight miles from the town of S. Carlos do Pinhal, is the neighborhood in which most of our church members live, and where we have a school and hold divine services. I remained here three days, preaching Saturday night and thrice on the Sabbath, and constantly occupied in the intervals in telling eager inquirers the way to heaven. Words cannot express our tender joy in such blessed work. The Spirit of God is moving the hearts of that poor idolatrous people to seek earnestly the salvation of their souls. On the Sabbath we celebrated the Lord's supper. Two persons professed their faith in Christ, our Lord, and two children were

baptized. Many heard the gospel for the first time. The perfect silence and solemn attention gave thrilling evidence of the presence of God's Spirit in the hearts of the listeners. Two ladies, who had never before heard the good news, showed their emotion in flowing tears. Our teacher and Bible reader there is doing a great work, and the believers are faithful and earnest. It was proposed to inaugurate a collection to buy a lot and build a church. A good beginning was made of $17. There are many inquirers in the town here. Pray for the work at S. Carlos.

North of this place, through a district some two hundred miles in extent, there are many places where people are inquiring about the Word of God and the way of salvation. To grant the requests that pour in upon me, I should have to spend two months in travelling through a wild country, and in some places one would require tents to sleep in at night. Such a trip would be expensive and dangerous, but I have a strong desire to answer this thrilling call, "Come over and help us." The way of the Lord is being wonderfully prepared, and from the most unexpected quarters come appeals for gospel light. In Pirassununga, at our last meetings, not only was the room full of anxious listeners, but the street beyond. The priest examined the catechisms taught in our little school, and *pronounced them good!*

In Aráras, one of our newly-appointed elders (formerly the teacher in Rio Novo) has established himself, and will have a day-school and Sabbath services. In Limeira, our last meetings were very well attended. There the believers are poor. They were turned out of the house in which they worshipped, because the owner would not allow preaching in it. We pay half of the rent, and the believers of the place the other half. We shall have preaching in Limeira every fortnight, and hope the gospel will be well received. At present we labor under many difficulties. If we could establish a good school there, the Word would gain entrance to many houses which otherwise will probably be closed to us. We need more native helpers. Give us the money to employ these, and by the blessing of God His work will prosper here in the interior.

Home Work.

"ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH BE IT UNTO YOU."

In our late war, with an army and navy made efficient by every available means known to modern warfare, with a generalship rarely equalled, but for the men that dug ditches and served rations, this great nation must have been rent in twain. What encouragement, then, has the weakest and the humblest disciple to constant exertion, since one earnest petition, a sigh or tear even, prompted by love to Christ and His cause, has been owned and blest of Him who seeth in secret. Have Helen Chalmers of Edinburgh, Mrs. Doolittle of New York, and spirits akin to theirs, received any special commission from the great Head of the Church to go down among the lost, the wretched and the abandoned to tell them of the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness? And is not each one of *us*, so far as we are able, to follow Christ anywhere, everywhere, though it be out into the highways and down into the dark places? It is well that our hearts are moved to pity for woman in pagan lands, and I rejoice, in view of what the gospel has done for us, that we not only feel it a duty, but esteem it a privilege, to bear the word of life to her in whose home is no real happiness, and in whose moral firmament no sun ever shines. This ought we to do, but not to leave the home duties undone. How many of us, even by laborious, persevering self-denial, are forming characters of Christian heroism, and by means thus obtained and used in Christ's service, are doing more to convince the ungodly of our union with Him than the sermons of a lifetime, where this evidence is wanting! It is an easy matter to come before God with the "Give us this day our daily bread," when the petition is backed up with the sumptuous larder and the well-filled purse. But a stretch of faith is required when the meal in the barrel is wasted to the handful, and the oil in the cruse to a very little, to believe that our bread shall be given us and our water made sure; very difficult

to raise the eyes from the larder and the barrel with the same sense of dependence up to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

To the mother, however obscure, is committed the highest and holiest trust that has fallen to the lot of mortals, and what a mission will she have fulfilled, what an impetus given to the spread of the gospel, should she be the humble though honored instrument in rearing a daughter to become a mother in Israel, or a son an ambassador of Christ, who shall turn many to righteousness, and hereafter shine as the stars forever! Whose heart has not been touched, and his confidence in God strengthened, by tracing the providence that restored that helpless babe from the perils of the Nile to her who by faith had borne him hither, and whose pious teaching during his infant years preserved him in after life amid the profligacy of the Egyptian court, prepared him for the leader, who, under God, wrought for the enslaved millions of Israel the most wonderful deliverance recorded in the world's history? Lay, then, your children on the altar, not only willing, but desirous that they shall be used, whenever, wherever, and however Providence shall direct, assured that the Judge of all the earth will do right; and should death leave a vacant chair at your fireside, grace will enable you to look up and say,

Since Thou dost call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine.
Thy will be done.

Mrs. C. W. P.

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

FAITH.

It is strange that our faith should ever fail in "woman's work for woman," when God's promises are so continually emphasized by His providences. We will outline a few of the many granted to us in the case of Mrs. Van Hook, who has just sailed for Tabriz. The faith of the Indiana women of one Presbytery, when they assumed her salary, outfit and passage-money, electrified us. When

they added her furniture for housekeeping, a watch, a set of furs, and an organ for the use of the mission, we were dumb. They promised, believed, wrought and prayed. The work is done. One young lady brought the saddle of her pet pony. Another her set of choice furs. The children of the Sabbath-school averred that she must have a silver watch, engraved with their banner, name, &c. Lo! by the thoughtful liberality of a friend, the silver turned to gold in their hand, inscribed as they desired. But the organ. That costs so much, and so much has been already done. They write, "It is sure to come for all; her wants have been so marvellously supplied. An Indiana minister's wife, deftly employed in her kitchen, hears inspiring sounds from her own parlor organ, follows them, finds our dear Tabriz missionary drawing them forth with skilled hand. She stands, ponders, decides: 'What a power for good to these hopeless, joyless, heathen women. An organ must go with her so well prepared to use it for their souls' good and God's glory.' It was God's whisper, for this noble woman knew not that such was the wish of Mrs. Van Hook's heart, and the prayer of Miss Jewett, her co-laborer for years. This pastor's wife, a skilled musician, with her domestic, helpmeet duties, teaching music as well, finds time to plan and play at concerts, and organize children's nickel organ societies, &c., to reach the desired end. By the time, reader, that this brief record reaches you, the Wood's organ will, if all goes well, be with Mrs. Van Hook on its way to Tabriz, to sing the gospel to those heathen women, and cheer many a lonely hour of those who have left all to follow Christ. A few ladies of Rockford, hearing of the enterprise, took $33 dollars worth of stock in the consecrated instrument."

"Be it unto thee, according to thy faith!"

J. C. H.

And after all this, Mrs. B. of Indianapolis writes: "There is one thing I want to arrange about, that is, the postage of the letters she writes us. It must not be that she shall use of her salary for this. Now, how can it be arranged? I could not enjoy her letters if this sacrifice were made," and "I do so hope that we shall not feel satisfied, and forget to pray, 'Paul may plant,' &c."

PRAYER ANSWERED.

My Dear Fellow-Laborer:—What shall I say? What can I say but "great is the Lord and greatly to be praised!" . . . I thank you for your promptness in sending Mrs. —— letter. How wonderfully the whole matter was directed by the "Ruling Hand." At first I was in great distress of mind at the very thought of giving up the Bible woman, but I carried my grief to the great burden-bearer and I said, "Dear Lord, the silver and the gold are *all* Thine; if it is Thy desire that we shall continue the support of ——, be pleased to furnish the means, and order everything, so that the ladies will be disposed to keep her;" and I laid the burden down at His feet, confident that He would provide, and you will not wonder that I wept tears of joy on receiving your letter, and that there was a song of praise on my lips that kept time to the melody of my heart. . . . The whole matter makes me feel more deeply than I ever have done before that if we do but trust Him when surrounded by difficulties, the sea will open and we shall find ourselves walking over dry shod.

A WORD FROM ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES AT THE FRONT.

"You must learn in a measure to look upon a missionary here as one who has gone forward into the danger and fury of battle. Those outside see the smoke and dust, and exercise the most tender solicitude and put forth the most prompt efforts to meet and relieve every want of the soldier. Yet they must be patient if no messenger brings them tidings of the success or failure of the engagement until it is concluded. Soldiers will fall from whom no word will come back, but surely the triumph shall be the Lord's."

Living in a foreign land at once widens and narrows our field of vision. We feel that the harvest is indeed great and the laborers few, while on the other hand we realize the blessedness of the communion of the saints as we did not in our favored homes. There is one Lord and Father of all, and for the coming of His kingdom thousands of hearts are patiently, faithfully, often joyfully working.

Miss Downing writes from China: "As soon as children are old enough, they are taken to the temples and taught to bow down and worship the idols; and to the graves, where they are taught to worship their ancestors. Their funeral and marriage rites, their New Year's festivities, their national feast days, and their daily lessons in school, all teach idol or ancestral worship. And so well do they learn these lessons in their childhood and youth that they are *all* idolaters. Why is it, that children who are daily taught at home, who are taught in school and Sabbath-schools, who have so many sermons preached to them, so many books written for them teaching Christian doctrines, are not *all* Christian men and women?"

The Second Annual Meeting of the Ladies' Committee on Foreign Missions of the Presbytery of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, will be held at Lyons, Iowa, Wednesday, October 4, at 9 A. M. All missionary societies, not only in this Presbytery but in the State, are earnestly requested to send delegates to this meeting. Let us have a grand rally for missions. Every lady in the State interested in missions will please consider this a *special* invitation to attend this meeting. The names of all expecting to attend should be sent to Mrs. E. R. Mills, Lyons, Iowa, immediately.

Do not fail to notice and receive a lesson from "Lydia's" response to the suggestion in Mrs. Rhea's leaflet, that "the Master wants twine, wrapping-paper, &c., to carry the Bibles in." See Treasurer's report.

In the spring when preparing auxiliary reports for publication, that of the Indianapolis Presbytery was in some way lost. A request was made for a duplicate, but it was not received by the Secretary, as she has recently written to that effect. We make the explanation to exonerate the Secretary from blame for its non-appearance, as well as ourselves.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Birmingham, Mich., Brownell Bd.	Noblesville, Ind.
La Grange, Ind.	Union, Ill.
Mishawaka, Ind.	Winnebago, Ill.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, for August, 1876.

Hudson, Mich., W. M. S., for Miss Ketchum's outfit,	$150 00
Grand Rapids, Mich., S. S. class of 1st Ch., Laborers of Love, sup. of little girl in Persia,	10 00
Princeton, Ind., W. M. S.,	26 70
Wabash, Ind., W. M. S., for Mrs. Van Hook's outfit,	15 00
Chicago, W. M. S. 2d Ch., for Miss Poage, Persia, $100; Mrs. John Gould, for sup. Bible reader at Amhala, India, $10,	110 00
Freeport, Ill., from Lydia, to be used for pine boxes, twine, wrapping-paper, &c.,	25 00
Elkhart, Ind., Young Ladies' Miss. Band, for Minniken school, Persia,	5 00
Warsaw, Ill., Cent. off. of three sisters,	1 00
Lansing, Iowa, for school in India,	8 00
Freeport, Ill., W. M. S. of 1st and 3d Churches, for Mrs. Jewett of Tabriz, Persia,	25 00
Crown Point, Ind., Union Miss. Soc.,	3 75
Delphi, Ind., W. M. S., to redeem pledge, $15; for Miss Van Hook's outfit, $15,	30 00
Galesburg, Ill., W. M. S.,	57 54
Salem, Ill., W. M. S.,	12 55
Brimfield Ill., W. M. S.,	10 00
Oneida, Ill.,	7 35
Canton, Ill., W. M. S., Cent. fund,	15 00
Peoria, Ill., Miss. Band of 2d Ch., Light Bearers, $4 26; Miss. Band of 1st Ch., infant class, for Miss Dascomb, Rio Claro, Brazil, $3; W. M. S., 1st Ch., $27 39,	34 65
North Lansing, Mich., Coral Band, sup. of Carrie and Lucy at Gaboon,	16 00
Des Moines, Iowa, W. M. S., for Miss Dougherty's salary, $61; Rhea Miss. Band, $11,	$72 00
Montour, Iowa, Mrs. M. L., for missions,	1 00
Malcolm, Iowa,	10 00
Battle Creek, Mich., Cent. off. from Pres. and Cong. Ch's, $25; W. M. S., for Persia, $25,	50 00
Detroit, Mich., Richardson Miss. Band, sup. of pupils in China, India, Persia and Japan, gold draft for $110, with premium,	122 10
Chicago, Ill., 6th Ch. S. S., for Mr. Farnham's building fund at Shanghai, $30; special for Mr. Farnham from a personal friend, $6,	36 00
Rockford, Ill., W. M. S., for Mrs. Van Hook's organ,	25 00
Webster Groves, Mo., W. M. S.	73 00
North Henderson, Ill., W. M. S.,	8 00
Beloit, Wis., W. M. S.,	18 00
Hudson, Michigan, for Miss Ketchum,	50 00
Fillmore, Minn., Mrs. L. A. S. and friend,	2 00
Madison, Wis., W. M. S. of 1st Ch., for mission school in Tokio, Japan,	25 00
Oregon, Wis., W. M. S.,	14 00
Liberty, Ind., Mrs. H. K. W. Smith,	15 75
Indianapolis, Ind., by Pres. Chs., for Mrs. Van Hook's housekeeping outfit,	198 00
Lake Forest, Ill., W. M. S., $100; Steady Streams, $19 51,	119 51
Ackley, Iowa, Pres. Ch., for Miss Pratt,	6 00
Total Receipts for August,	$1,407 90
Previously acknowledged,	6,664 99
Total Receipts, from April 1, to September 1, 1876,	$8,072 89

ERRATUM.—In the receipts for May, Monroe, Mich., W. M. S., $25, instead of Homer, Mich.

MRS. JESSE WHITEHEAD, *Treasurer*,
223 Michigan Avenue.

CHICAGO, *September* 1, 1876.